

ELEGIES

ON THE,

Much lamented Death of the Right Honorable the

EARL OF

Mountrath.



DUBLIN,

Printed by *John Crook*, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty : And are to be sold by *Samuel Dancer*, Bookseller in *Castle-street*. 1661.

The Decree of the Synod.

IF any minister, of what degree or qualitie soeuer he be, shall publickly teach any doctrine contrary to these Articles agreed vpon. If after due admonition he doe not conforme himselfe, and cease to disturbe the peace of the Church, let him be silenced and deprived of all spiritual promotions he doth enioy.

FINIS.

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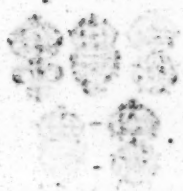
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Printed by John Crook, Printer to the Kings most Excellent Majesty: And are to be sold by Samuel Bower, Bookseller in Castle-Street 1781.

A N

E L E G I E

ON THE

Happy Memory of the Right Honorable

Sir Charles Coote

Knight and Baronet, Earl of *Mountrath*, Viscount
of *Castle-Coote*, Baron of *Castle-Cuff*, Lord President
of *Connaught*, and one of the Lords
Justices of *Ireland*

W H E N *Cæsars* die, Fates Ceremonies are
To complement them with an Ush'ring Star :
As in fair Books black patches now and then
Do reconcile the losses of the Pen :
So Nature doth on purpose All risks wear,
To show that something is deficient there.

But yet *Mountrath* is gone ; nor does the hair
Of any flaming beard affright the air.
Atropos shav'd the Cemets sure, to show
That when he dies, the Stars themselves die too.
Or else his modest Harbinger forbore
To boast a sight, least that we should adore.

Death play'd the wanton here, to swallow down
The *Cleopatra* Jewels of the Crown.
She like a daring *Scavola*, did contrive
To take away the KING ; but He's alive.
For not the Fates themselves have pow'r o'er Him,
But pay Allegiance to His Diadem.

Yet though she err'd, she's not mistaken, since
She has hit C H A R L S, although she mist the Prince.

'Twas like the fatal stroak was giv'n by *Cain*,
In Him the third part of our World was slain.
Nay more; for all had perish'd, but that He
Breaths still in *Eustace* and in *Orrery*.

Sejanus thus grown Darling unto Fame,
When every Stone and Statue learn'd his Name;
Nay, Altars were prepar'd by giddy *Rome*,
To make it smell the sweeter by perfume;
Just like a Phoenix in his Incense dies,
And falls himself to Fate a Sacrifice.

In Fame and Fate we meet his Parallel;
So fell the Great *Sejanus*: so *Coote* fell.
The diff'rence is, the first had fame, ('tis true;)
The last had Honour, and deserv'd it too:

Nay more; *Sejanus* fell, Statues and all:
But *Coote* rebounds the higher by his fall.
They laught at Him; but here the People do
Not onely mourn *Cootes* death, but Cæsar too.

Ambitious Fate by this unhappy stroak,
Has lop'd an Arm from off the Royal Oak:
The Oak that C H A R L S lay hid in; whose true brest
Rejoyc'd to lodg the Eagle in a nest.

As far as wisdom suffer'd, He withstood,
B'ing Best, when 'twas a sin to be but Good;
He liv'd true to his King, and to his Cause;
Defended English Faith and English Laws.

And may his Soul by Proxy ever live
I' th' noble Brest where still it doth survive.
There is no eye that's so Heretical,
But wou'd drop Holy-water at his Fall.

(3)

Protestants in him did mourn their loss;
Papists lov'd him, as they lov'd a Cross.
But why should we desire *Montrath* to stay?
Th' Potter of his Soul, who 'd not leave Clay?
Will not drown his Urn, onely we must
Some obsequious drops to lay his dust:
These sacred relicks they that won't adore,
Needs be thought Idolaters the more.
Will run oth' score with Grief, and Sackcloth borrow,
Death provides such Ashes for our sorrow.
Cause that silence speaks the waters deep,
Will mourn within, and not disturb his sleep.
Then let him rest, untill the Lamb shall say,
Thy Winter's Spring, sins night is turn'd to day;
Rise my Love, my Dove, and come away.

Jo. Jones.

I N E U N D E M,

HIBERNIÆ ὉΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

Ter Montrathiam signavit calculus urnam,

Et Carolina gemit funere manca Trias.

Prælatæ juvat, letho Lictore, Securis?

Fasces, Consul, sentiat ipse suos.

Triumphales dignus conscendere currus.

Æstia, deceptus Morte, Feretra subit.

Comes Lauris immiscuit illa Cupressos,

Montrathius Comes est, & meus, inquit, erit.

Num quis non potuit prædicere, & ante

finem Tituli viderit esse novi.

Non nunquam, nec amantior umbra recessit,

is erat, sed non unius Orbis Amor.

purpureo quod plurima sedit in ore,

is non est hoc, sed Amoris opus.

Montrathium certe vel morbus amavit, & ergo

est pulchris oscula tanta genis.

Hiberniæ & Mortis

DIALOGUS.

Cur non indulges Carolinæ savior umbra?
 Fœlices poterat quæ mernisse moras.
 Cur regni cecidit pars tertia? sanguine vestram
 Non alio poteras exsatiare sitim?
 Quid nostræ marcet dulcissima cura Coronæ?
 Et geminis Caroli vivere digna rosis?

Mors.

Quid frustra tua fata doles improvida? Falci
 Summittit flores & Diadema suos.
 Ille fuit vestri (fateor) Flos Gloria campi,
 Sed tamen Elyseo dignior ergo fuit.
 An cæcam nescis Lachesis, quæ stamina versat,
 Ex auro filum sit licet, illa secat.

Hibernia.

Non mihi quod Lachesis tua, Mors, sit cæca dolebit,
 Sed quod ego jam sum cæca futura dolet:
 At nostros sine luce oculos cur ambio? noster
 Montrathius Sol est, Montrathiûsque Dies.
 In freta quin abeant duo, lumina nostra, doloris
 Hisque erit Oceanis, ejus, arena, cinis.

Mors.

Sic urnas ludunt fugitivis Belides undis,
 Umbram, crede mihi, nec freta bina lavant.
 Montrathii, vestræ fuerint si flumina, guttam
 Addere Clepsidra non potuere gene:

Ecce prece, nec lachrymis, Adamantina fata liquecunt;
 Pervenit ad surdas nulla querela Deas.

Hibernia,

ardescant Parcae, at certè mea pectora tangit,

Hæc, illæ, vitam quam vetuere, dabunt.

Am charum nobis caput est flevisse voluptas,

Gaudia dat, quamvis gaudia mæsta, dolor.

Æva licèt sint Fata, adèò crudelia cur sint?

Tam numerosam, unà, cur statuere necem?

Non nollent illi, at saltem mihi parcere possint,

Quid nostras armant in sua damna genas?

Quid nobis fieri nos cogunt fata, volebant

Invida diluvio quemque perire suo.

Mors.

Ipsa leves gemitus, omni sine pondere fundis,

Vite, umbrâ hac, non est linea tacta, tuæ.

Hibernia.

Occubuit dilecta, animæ & pars optima nostræ,

Vivere, non vitam, sed valuisse reor.

Invida ludentis Mortis ludibria! vitam

Ipsa auferis, & me vivere sæva jubes.

Sed quibus insidiis vicisti subdola Fortem?

Nam certum est bello non cecidisse pari.

Mors.

Martem, stulta, tuum Parcae sine Marte domabunt,

Nec mens, Herculeæ nec valnere manus.

Non tantum Lydiæ persolvit pensa Puellæ

Alcides, aliâ subditus ille colo est.

Hibernia.

Si nil profuerant vires, neque pectoris æstus,

At poterat tetricas forma movere Deas.

Et movit tua forma Deas, tua forma sorores;

Incidit

*Incidit in flammæ Atropos ipsa tuas.
 Ille rubor vultûs, & vivus candor, amicas
 Qui poterant flammis conciliare nives:
 Illi te rapiunt, te formosissime perdunt,
 Materies Forma est, Funeris una tui.
 Ah Fatis minam fueris, Comes inclyte, charus
 Aut minus, aut fatis charior ipse tuis.*

Mors.

*Quin tristes noli toties animare querelas,
 Spirabit gemitu non magis ille tuo.
 Quem dilexisti, cur sic odisse videris,
 Hostis nè vester sit, rationis amor.
 Ipso dignus erat, vel te, tibi, iudice, Cælo;
 Quid cupis ingratas necere fata moras?
 Suscepturus iter conscendit Plaustra; Booten
 Hunc voluit Carolus syderis esse sui.*

Hibernia.

*Indefessa suos siccant suspiria nimbos,
 Quæ fudit, sparsas, cura, serenat aquas:
 Nè sacram forsan madidus dolor obruat urnam,
 Plus satis est, passum hunc, vel semel esse necem.
 Ambitiosa pedes jam lambunt sydera; cæli
 Te digni, cælis tu quoque dignus eras.
 Sed tamen in cælos utinamque & serius isses,
 Ut fieret vestris terra beata moris.
 At Cælo potiare tuo, modo parcat Iërna,
 Pro te, si cælis invidet illa tuis.*

Jo. Jones, Trin. Col. in Art.